

The Smurf

by Brat Girl

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Summary: Doesn't the title tell all? No...well, this is a twisted story by a twisted author.

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This is my first story. So be nice but be honest. Don't try to understand everything in the story...You never will. It only makes sense to me and my demented friend.

----- My name is Tobias.

I can't tell you my last name because I'm a fugitive on the run.

I don't care about the Yeerks any more. They're the furthest thing from my mind at the moment. All I can think about is how long it takes to get to Mexico.

I'm on a plane heading towards Mexico City. From there I will travel by bus to Tuxtla Gutierrez. There I will live in secret till the day I die. Which may not be very long in my current state.

You may be wondering why I'm not flying with my own wings. It all started when I decided I wanted to have a more serious relationship with Rachel. The only way was to give up my wings.

"Do you want anything to drink, today?" a stewardess asks, interrupting my thoughts.

"Uh, sure. Coffee, black." I tell her. I need something to wake me up. I was awake all night thinking of what happened. "Why do these things always happen to me?!" I yell out loud. "Oh, sorry." I say sheepishly, realizing the whole plane is gawking at me.

I scoot down into my seat and pretend to read a magazine. I glance at the first article, "*N'SYNC goes on tour." I flip the page.

"President visits Florida." Who cares? "Lose weight fast!" I have more important things to worry about then my figure. I lay back, close my eyes and groan.

As I look back I realize how foolish I had been. I remember as if it were yesterday, which it was. Rachel and I were going to Marco's house to hang out.

Jake was out of town for the weekend and Cassie was visiting her grandma's. I'm not sure where Ax was.

We were planning to watch TV, or watch a movie on Pay Per View then go home around six. Little did we know what was going to happen.

We arrived at Marco's house a little after two in the afternoon.

"Glad you guys could make it," Marco told us when we came in. "My dad won't be home till five, so we have the place to ourselves." We headed to the living room and sat down. "Hey, you guys want anything to eat?" Marco asked. We nodded so he headed to the kitchen for snacks.

I don't remember much of what happened. We watched some TV, and talked.

It was going pretty well, but that's when I noticed that Marco was talking mostly to Rachel. Whenever he said something he looked at Rachel and hardly talked to me at all. He would reply to my statements in "Yea's" or "Nope's."

"Hey you guys, how about we play a game or something," Marco suggested suddenly. "I think we have Uno." He went to the closet and dug around for a bit until he pulled out a battered old box and took out a stack of Uno cards.

"You can go first, Rachel," Marco said winking at her. I don't know why but at that moment I went berserk.

I reached behind me and grabbed a throw pillow. I lunged at Marco.

"Wha...," he managed to yell before the pillow was over his face.

"Don't you EVER flirt with Rachel again!" I screamed. "I gave my wings for her, you're not taking her away from me!" I kept pushing down on Marco's head.

He struggled and tried to pull away from me.

I wouldn't let him.

Rachel started screaming at me to stop but I wouldn't.

Marco was slowing down. He was struggling less. Finally he went still. I took the pillow off his head and stood up.

"There Marco, that will teach you," I said triumphantly. I looked down at him. Then, suddenly, I realized he wasn't moving. His face

was slightly blue.

He looked kind-of like a Smurf on crack.

"Marco?" I leaned towards him, "hey man, are you all right?" I shook him and his head rolled back.

"Great Lord, he's dead!" I yelled, "I killed him!" I only then remembered Rachel. She was standing back with a look of horror on her face.

"Tobias, what have you done?" she whispered

"I....I....I didn't mean to. It...it was an accident." I stammered.

I started towards the door and tripped over Marco's foot.

His body slipped off the couch and hit the carpet with a sickening thud.

"Oh, look at the time," I said and went towards the door, "I must be going."

"What about the body?" Rachel squeaked, "we can't leave it like this!"

I felt like I was going to throw up. I looked around the room and noticed the closet.

"We'll put in the closet," I told her, "help me pick him up."

We carried Marco to the closet and put him in it and quickly shut the door. The body fell and hit the door with a crash.

Rachel and I turned around and without a second glance left the house.

Rachel ran towards her house and I ran towards the woods.

What was I going to do? I asked myself. I was a murderer. I killed my friend. I would get life.

As I ran, I looked over the details in my mind. Marco's dad would be home by five. It was quarter till four. That gave me a hour and fifteen minutes to get out of town. I knew I needed money, so I headed for the woods. I had buried my savings under a rock. I knew I had enough to buy a plane ticket. As I hurried, I heard a voice behind me.

"Hey Tobias, wait up!" I turned around.

It was Jake.

"What's up? I just went to Rachel's place. She's up in her room twitching and saying weird things like, 'Marco, pillow, blue.' What's up with her?"

"I have no idea," I told him, " I've gotta go." And with that I left.

I ran all the way to the woods. I quickly found the rock and dug up my money with my hands.

I had six hundred dollars. It was enough to buy a plane ticket and some clothes, I hoped. I put the money in my pocket and headed to the airport.

Lucky for me there was a special. Three hundred dollars bought me a ticket.

I then headed for the gift shop. I bought a pair of sun glasses and a hat.

I ran to the restroom to see how I looked.

I looked like a wreak. My eyes were all blood shot, my hair was all messed up and my clothes and hands were dirty from digging up the money.

I quickly washed up the best I could and then decided to at least buy a clean tee-shirt.

When I was finished I heard the call that my plane was boarding. As I got on the plane I took a quick glance at the clock. It was a little after five. Marco's dad was home by now.

"Sir, wake up, we'll be landing in Mexico City soon." I wake to see the stewardess leaning over me.

"Oh, yes, of course." I sit up and prepare for the landing.

I glance at a clock. It's a little after eight in the morning. I had been traveling all night long. I yawn and looked out my window. All I see is smog. Wow, looks like L.A.

After we land. I walk to customs and present my passport and trade my money for pesos. I buy a bus ticket and head to the town of Tuxtla Gutierrez.

During the trip, I'm hot and uncomfortable, a little price to pay for what I had done.

(Rachel)

Five years in the future.

I'm on a plane landing in Mexico.

I hope this spa treatment, that my psychiatrist recommended, works.

There has been so much stress in the last seven years and the incident that happened five years ago has made my life almost unbearable. It had totally ruined my life. I couldn't concentrate in school. I forgot all about the Animorphs. It wasn't the same, anyway, without Marco and Tobias.

I never told anyone what happened. It took me two years just to convince myself that it was real. I thought Tobias wasn't capable of killing Marco.

The plane landed and now I'm getting off the plane. I look down at my travel brochure.

The spa is in a town called Tuxtla Gutierrez. It's supposed to be nice.

I hurry to customs and get some money traded, to buy my bus ticket.

(Tobias)

"Awww.... That lemonade hit the spot girls. Now could you get me one of those tacos over there, thanks." I'm laying around a sparkling pool surrounded by many bikini clad women. This is the life. Much better then being a animorph.

I lay back and let the sun shine on my face.

"Oh yea, this is definitely the life."

(Rachel)

I arrive at the health spa thankful that the bus ride was over. It was SO hot and uncomfortable.

I had already checked in to my room at the local hotel. Now it was time to hit the pool.

I head into the locker room and change into my suit. I exit out to the pool. I notice a man sunning himself. I can't see his face but he has a nice body.

I head over to talk with him. Facing his back I walk up to him.

"Hey, you live around her or are you on vacation?" I ask. The man turns around and looks at me.

"Rachel?!"

"Tobias?!"

It's me again, I just wanted to apologize for killing Marco. He was the only one who would fit into my twisted plot. I have nothing against Marco or any of the characters. Thank you. =)

End
file.